

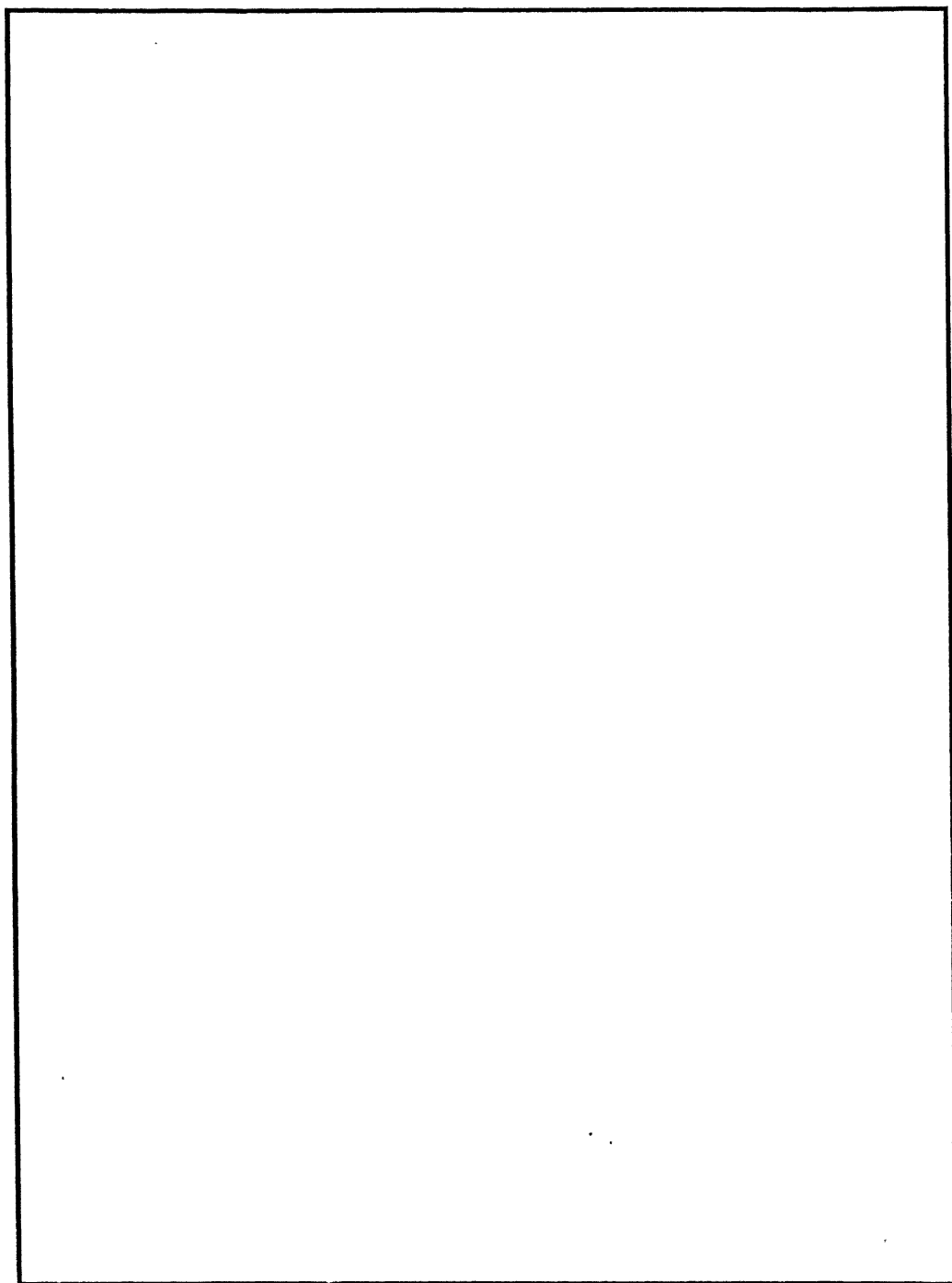




# LOVE LYRICS FROM FIVE CENTURIES

*Never the heart of spring  
had trembled so  
As on that day when first  
in Paradise  
We went afoot as  
novices . . .*

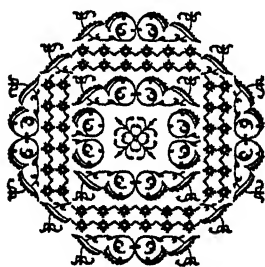
JOHN DRINKWATER  
(Frontispiece)





# LOVE LYRICS FROM FIVE CENTURIES

*Selected by* GEORGE G. HARRAP  
*With an Introduction by* JOHN  
DRINKWATER *and Pictures by*  
BARON ARILD ROSENKRANTZ



Printed at the University Press Oxford  
and published MCMXXXII by  
GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.  
LONDON BOMBAY SYDNEY

*First published 1932*  
by GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.  
39-41 Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN



## Introduction

OF "the passion of love," Boswell tells us, Johnson remarked "that its violence and ill-effects were exaggerated. For who knows any real suffering on that head, more than the exorbitancy of any other passion?" Rosalind, it seems, was of the same opinion: "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." But here at least is a topic upon which the common man may pit his knowledge against even that of the sage of Grub Street or the enchantress of Arden. It would be intemperate to say that every man in love is a poet, but hardly so to claim that if not a poet he comes very near to poetry. If there are few hearts that, when the trial comes, love can break, there are few that it cannot visit with revelation. The circumstances of love, its crosses and anxieties, may bring a man to despair, but the love itself quickens him with a touch of which no other power has the secret. If under its spell he does not become a poet, he rarely fails of the desire to do so. Every man in love would write poetry if he could; indeed, he not uncommonly suffers from the delusion that he can when he can't. If the numbers do not come, or come but ineffectively, he still achieves a state of vision in which he sees through both Dr Johnson and Rosalind. For the intention of both these pedants was not so

much to say that love's wound was never mortal, as that too much fuss was made about love in general. In this they were talking nonsense, and here we have a clue. For although since a long while ago when the world began a vast deal of nonsense has been talked about love, never since the world began has love itself been nonsense. The distinction is important.

If no emotion is more sublime, it may be allowed that none is so closely beset by the danger of inciting ridicule as a spectacle. There is perhaps nothing quite so degrading in the processes of the law-courts as those occasions when, to serve the ends of justice, love-letters are read out in public hearing. Here, nearly always, dissociated from its occasion, is sorry nonsense indeed. The poor dishevelled little array of *clichés* stumble and gibber into a light that they were never meant to endure, and dwindle before the carefully modulated laughter that the dignity of the law allows itself. The occasion has passed and the nonsense remains. And yet the occasion itself, however unheroic its destiny, was something that should put all such silly laughter to shame.

The "very ecstasy of love," that Polonius diagnosed in Hamlet, leads men, almost, it may be said, all men, to say strange things. Strange, and yet common, if, indeed, not universal. The love that is "ecstasy," that is incomparably powerful, is yet, we know, fugitive in its power. Nevertheless, lover after lover through the ages, becoming lyrical under its influence, has declared it to be durable unto death. Nonsense again, but nonsense evoked by an inspiration so divine that we never know but that at any moment it may defy probability and take on the genuine voice of prophecy. For the abiding verity about this sort of nonsense is that it has its origins in an experience that is at once transfiguring and common to mankind. It comes, we may say, to all men, and of it all men speak. Inevitably, by the mere law of averages, some considerable number of them will speak well.

It is, then, not surprising that with this unequalled range of effort more good poetry should be written upon this than upon any other theme.

It is to be noted that the perennial source of love poetry is precisely that urgency of love which, we protest, will endure, disregarding the certainty that it will lapse into other and quieter moods. There is a popular superstition that accounts this circumstance of love as instability; no fallacy could be grosser. The furnace may not readily be replenished; the fuel spends itself, and the incandescence cools, but from the fires may be drawn alembics containing riches that will defy time. The old ardour may not return with the splendour and fury of its first onset, but its influence has been distilled into the devotion that survives its fiery testing. It is not always so. Passion may burn itself out, and leave nothing but dead ash. It may be questioned whether even so the passion in its hour is less significant, less evocative. "Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss"—here was no excellent promise of domestic felicities, merely the sufficient rapture of an hour, a moment, to which there could be no future. Nevertheless, this demonic mood, this "ecstasy," does take on a richer life, a deeper beauty, from the circumstance that so often it is the source of affections that comfort and sustain innumerable lives, until they, after long loyalties, "grown old in love, insensibly decay."

And yet the fact remains that nearly all love poetry is inspired by the "ecstasy" and not by the loyalties. Even the happiest married love, as we know, seldom finds its celebration in song. Coventry Patmore attempted to remove what he took to be a reproach to English poetry, but in that chivalrous design we can discern no other figure approaching to dispute his laureateship. It should not be so, and yet such, it seems, is Poetry's decree. She will have her love songs struck to "the first fine careless

rapture." Here arises another question of her creative processes.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch recently published a suggestive inquiry into the nature of the elegy. He asked himself whether the great elegiac poems were produced in the stress of an acute personal anguish, and answered himself that such grief was too overwhelming for creation, that here, in effect, poetry again was "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Sir Arthur speaks with insight, and on first thought it would seem natural to extend his argument from the experience of bereavement to that of love. And yet somehow it does not work out quite like that. Poetry in her regal way observes always an admirable discretion. However daring, however challenging she may be, she does not forget the larger decencies. And in the immediate use of great personal loss for the purposes even of poetry there must always seem to be something of exploitation, something, that is, that almost outrages the divine discretion. Poetry is saved from this indignity by the circumstance that the poet's instinct commonly keeps him from the ill-timed attempt, for ill-timed it is. With love it is different. Love may be all delight, or it may be all apprehension; usually it is informed by both. But the lover's inspiration, whether it be joy in possession or fear of loss, is not bidden by any intuition to wait beyond its first occasion, and if he can he may sing his "first fine careless rapture" without disloyalty.

Much fine love poetry, too, has been written in tranquil recollection, but much also has been written on the flowing tide of experience. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch points out justly that many of the best elegies have been written on themes that did not passionately engage the poet's personal affection—*Lycidas* and *Adonais*, for example. When it has been otherwise the poet, obeying some spiritual law, has waited beyond the agony, as Tennyson did in *In Memoriam*. In that superb testament of

friendship the poet is writing of a loss from which the fever has passed. Sometimes love poetry is made in similar conditions. It is possible to believe that "O Mistress Mine, where are you roaming?" and "Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind," and "She walks in Beauty, like the Night" were written not from immediate personal emotion, but from a garnered experience. But it is hardly possible to doubt that when Keats wrote "Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art," and Burns "My Love is like a red, red Rose," and Shakespeare "Why is my Verse so barren of new Pride?" they were poets in love.

It is notable that even when the apprehension approaches the limits of distress poetry may still come pat upon the occasion. Wordsworth laying down his condition of recollection in tranquillity could nevertheless himself write the sonnet "Why art thou silent?" with its concluding lines:

Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow  
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

There is no mistaking the direct poignancy of that, even though philosophy makes a show of presiding over the end. We may go beyond this, and find that even when the fear of loss is realized song is still unabashed. The German poet Ludwig Uhland has a brave little lyric, jaunty, stiff-lipped, but clear enough in its confession. In English it might go thus:

So am I from the town departed  
Where long it was my lot to dwell,  
And I am on my way stout-hearted,  
Though none were met to say farewell.

No surging crowd with fond caresses  
Has torn (thank God) the coat I wear,  
Nor are my lips bruised by the kisses  
Of inconsolable despair.

The townsmen did not turn in sleeping  
As I went out at crack of day.  
Well, let them damn' well sleep—my weeping  
Is but for one who stayed away.

Beside this may be set Walter Savage Landor's lines explicitly named "Separation":

There is a mountain and a wood between us,  
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us  
Morning and noon and eventide repass.  
Between us now the mountain and the wood  
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,  
But say we must not cross—alas! alas!

The griefs of love, in short, may find their instant celebration in poetry, provided always, it would seem, that they are not touched by the utter desolation of death. When that happens the mood must wait upon purification.

To think about love is one thing, to be in love is another. The view that man takes of love's obligations, the attitude of the law toward contracts in and out of wedlock, the relative claims and rights of the sexes in their contacts, all such things are modified, may even be radically changed, from age to age. These, after all, are questions of social convenience, and in that sphere it is notorious that the transgression of to-day may be the convention of to-morrow, or the other way about. But, speaking in terms of the millions or billions of years that are now allotted by science to human history, there is nothing of which we can say with more certainty that it has been unchanging than the emotion of the lover for the beloved. We might therefore expect love poetry



to preserve its nature with little mutability from one generation to another. And, in fact, this is so. At first glance there might seem to be a world of difference between the love poems of Chaucer, Wyatt, Ben Jonson, Rochester, Pope, Burns, Shelley, Browning, Rupert Brooke, and John Masefield. Certainly there is a difference in talent, and there is an even more decided difference in the fashions that have their influence upon poetry as they have on all else. This is not the place to inquire what it is that causes the manner of one age's poetry to differ so manifestly from the manner of another, but the answer would lead us to explore not so much spiritual experience as intellectual modes. The Augustans used an idiom of expression far removed from that used by the Elizabethans, not because they felt differently about life, but because they thought differently about it. We should in our investigation be led to consider among other things a problem of no deeper urgency than that of good form.

Every poet, no matter how original he may be, is conscious in writing of certain idiomatic conditions imposed upon him by his age. He may accept these cheerfully or reluctantly, but there they are. Donne's metrical freedom inevitably seemed uncouth to the eighteenth century, while to us it may mark a finer sensibility of style than anything to be found even in the most discreet and artful elegance of Pope. A poet who should write to-day in alliterative verse would with some reason be censured for making a sport of his Muse, and yet alliterative verse was once the admired practice of the clearest English inspiration. But there is a subtler distinction to be considered than that of mere metrical form. It has been the common practice of the poets to honour tradition while enlarging it, but the enlargement may not be overlooked, and it comes from the poet's consciousness of his own time. There is no reason why a poet to-day should not write Shakespearian sonnets, but before they take on life they must

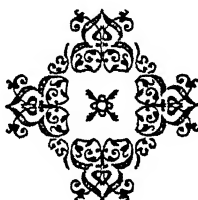
find a speech, a cadence, a rhythm of their own. The distinction may be hardly perceptible to any but the sharpest discernment, but it is vital. In our own time Mr Masefield has shown decisively how it can be done. When the poet applies himself to intellectual problems, which he may do without discarding passion, the stamp of the age becomes the more clearly impressed upon his work. Then we shall have both manner and content bearing witness to his time, and the poem will be something that could be written then and then only. It is inconceivable that *Paradise Lost* should be created in the twentieth century, and it is doubtful whether either Dryden or Samuel Johnson would have made much of *Modern Love*. Mr Shaw, while acknowledging Shakespeare's genius and the domination of his verse, does so in spite of the fact that in most of the plays he repudiates his intellectual position; what Shakespeare would have thought of Mr Shaw can only be surmised.

When, however, the content of poetry is not enlarged beyond some radical emotion, we find that idiomatic differences of manner seem hardly to be differences at all. Of such emotions there is none that, so infinitely variable in its processes, is yet more constant in its nature than love. And the fact is that in the pure love lyric one age is loyal to the others, since no other loyalty is possible. When the poet brings intellectual argument into his love poetry, as is sometimes done, for example, by Donne and Rochester and Browning and Lascelles Abercrombie, we may discern the sign of his age upon him. Eliminate this, and nothing of difference remains but that turn of speech, rhythm, cadence. Mr Davies, it is hardly too much to say, might have written the love lyrics of Thomas Campion, Spenser those of Mr Yeats, and if "Since there's no Help, come let us Kiss and Part" had appeared for the first time in a volume of poems by Rupert Brooke it would have provoked admiration, but hardly surprise.

○ lyric love, half angel and half bird,  
And all a wonder and a wild desire. . . .

The definition in all conscience is wide enough, giving poetry illimitable opportunities. And yet wide as it is, it is specific. That is, as love was in the beginning, it is now and ever shall be. Poetry can have nothing new to say about it, and yet what it says truly is as fresh always as the new season's buds.

JOHN DRINKWATER







## Acknowledgment

IT has not been my concern to gather into this anthology every poem of literary worth that expresses the passion or devotion of the lover. But I hope that I have omitted no English love lyrist whose songs written during the last five centuries are destined for immortality, and if some of the poems included do not reach the serene altitude attained by the greatest, these lyrics with feebler wings, because of their sincerity or because they are representative of particular types of lovers or of sentiment, are, I believe, not inappropriate to the exalted company in which they are given a place. The anthology is designed to illustrate every phase of the "tender passion"—it is, as will be seen, not always tender!—and every kind of lover, aristocratic and plebeian, spiritual and 'robust,' the simple and the sophisticated, the coy and the ardent, the assured and the fearful.

The sentimental and impressionable will be stirred, as such have always been, by this music of the ages, but I have aimed also at interesting readers who are philosophically inclined, and the arrangement of the poems facilitates a comparison of the ideas and methods of lovers in the five centuries over which the selection ranges.

The Centaur type from which this book is printed is, I think, one of the most pleasing of the beautiful founts made available during recent years by the Lanston Monotype Corporation. It was adapted by Mr Bruce Rogers from the Roman characters designed in the fifteenth century by Nicholas Jenson, who modelled the lower-case letters from a superb example of humanistic writing in a manuscript.

For permission to include copyright poems I acknowledge with gratitude indebtedness to:

The author and Messrs George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., for "After Two Years" and "Prelude," by Richard Aldington, from *Images* and *Images of Desire* respectively; the author, Messrs William Blackwood and Sons, Ltd., and Messrs Frederick A. Stokes Company, for "The Double Fortress," by Alfred Noyes, from *Ballads and Poems* (London) and *Dick Turpin's Ride* (New York); the author and Messrs Bowes and Bowes, for "Sonnet," by Frank Kendon, from *Poems by Four Authors*; Mr Laurence Binyon, for "Thinking of Shores," from *Laurence Binyon* (Augustan Books of Poetry) (Ernest Benn, Ltd.) and *Selected Poems of Laurence Binyon* (the Macmillan Company, New York); Mr F. B. Bourdillon and his co-executors, for the quatrain from "The Night has a Thousand Eyes," by Francis William Bourdillon; Messrs Jonathan Cape, Ltd. (London), and Messrs Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Inc. (New York), for "Charms" and "Where She is now," by W. H. Davies, from the author's *Collected Poems*; The Clarendon Press, for "Awake, my Heart, to be loved" and "My Delight and thy Delight," by Robert Bridges, from the author's *Collected Poems*; Messrs Constable and Co., Ltd., and Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons, for "My Young Love," by George Meredith, from *Love in the Valley*; Mr John Drinkwater, Messrs Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., and Messrs Houghton Mifflin Company, for "Never the Heart of Spring had trembled so," from the author's *Collected Poems* (London) and *Seeds of Time* (Boston, U.S.A.); Messrs Duffield and Company, for "Love in the Winds," from *Along the Trail*, by Richard Hovey; Mrs Flecker, Messrs William Heinemann, Ltd., and Messrs Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for "Song to

Yasmin," from *Hassan*, by James Elroy Flecker; Lady Gilbert and Messrs Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for "Marco's Song," from *The Gondoliers*, by Sir W. S. Gilbert; Mr Gerald Gould and Messrs Victor Gollancz, Ltd., for "Love, do you love me?" "My Love," and "She whom I love will sit apart," from the author's *Collected Poems*; Messrs William Heinemann, Ltd., for "A Match" and "Fragoletta," by Algernon Charles Swinburne, from the author's *Collected Poems*; Mr James Joyce and The Viking Press, Inc., for "Arise, arise!" from *Chamber Music*; Messrs John Lane The Bodley Head, Ltd., and Messrs Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., for "Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae," from *Poems of Ernest Dowson*; Messrs Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for "To Manon," by Wilfred Scawen Blunt, from the author's *Selected Poems*, and "The Word," by Wilfrid Gibson, from *The Web of Life*; Mr John Masefield, for "Beauty," from *Collected Poems*; Mr Wilfred Meynell, for "Renouncement," by Mrs Meynell, from the author's *Poems*, and "Arab Love Song," by Francis Thompson, from the author's *Selected Poems*; Messrs L. C. Page and Company, for "Daphne," by Bliss Carman, from *Pipes of Pan* (copyright 1906); Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons, for "Evening Song," by Sidney Lanier, and "I do not love to see your Beauty fire," by John Hall Wheelock; Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd., for "Stella Maris," by J. Addington Symonds, from *Vagabunduli Libellus*; Messrs G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd. (New York and London), for "A Song of Praise," by Countee Cullen, from *The Black Christ*; Messrs Martin Secker, Ltd., for "Plainte Éternelle," by Lord Alfred Douglas, from the author's *Complete Poems*; Mr Louis Untermeyer, for "Only of Thee and Me," from *First Love* (copyright 1911); Sir William Watson, for "Voice and Vision," from the author's *Selected Poems*; The Yale University Press and Messrs W. Collins Sons and Co., Ltd., for "Love, do you love me?" from *The Journey*, by Gerald Gould; Mr W. B. Yeats, Messrs Ernest Benn, Ltd., and the Macmillan Company (New York), for "The White Birds," from *Poems* (London), and *Early Poems and Stories* (New York); Mr Francis Brett Young and Messrs W. Collins Sons and Co., Ltd., for "Prothalamion," from *Poems 1916-18* (New York, Messrs E. P. Dutton's Sons).

G. G. H.

*The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.*

F. W. BOURDILLON





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*On a Girdle*

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*Voice and Vision*

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*I do not love to see your Beauty fire*

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YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER [b. 1865]

*The White Birds*

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT [b. 1884]

*Prothalamion*



# *The Sixteenth Century*





## LOVELY KIND, AND KINDLY LOVING

Lovely kind, and kindly loving,  
Such a mind were worth the moving:  
Truly fair, and fairly true,  
Where are all these, but in you?

Wisely kind, and kindly wise,  
Blessèd life, where such love lies!  
Wise, and kind, and fair, and true,  
Lovely live all these in you.

Sweetly dear, and dearly sweet,  
Blessèd where these blessings meet!  
Sweet, fair, wise, kind, blessèd, true,  
Blessèd be all these in you!

·NICHOLAS BRETON

## THRICE TOSS THOSE OAKEN ASHES IN THE AIR

Thrice toss those oaken ashes in the air,  
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot;  
Thrice sit you down in this enchanted chair,  
And murmur soft "She will or she will not."  
Go, burn those poisoned weeds in that blue fire,  
This cypress gathered out a dead man's grave,  
These screech-owls' feathers and this prickling briar,  
That all thy thorny cares an end may have.  
Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round:  
Dance in a circle, let my love be centre!  
Melodiously breathe an enchanted sound:  
Melt her hard heart that some remorse may enter!  
In vain are all the charms I can devise:  
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

THOMAS CAMPION

## SONG OF DAMELUS

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,  
White as the sun, fair as the lily,  
    Heigho, how I do love thee!  
I do love thee as my lambs  
Are belovèd of their dams:  
    How blest were I if thou would'st prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,  
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
    Fair sweet, how I do love thee!  
I do love thee as each flower  
Loves the sun's life-giving power;  
    For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,  
When all thy praises are expressèd,  
    Dear joy, how I do love thee!  
As the birds do love the Spring,  
Or the bees their careful king:  
    Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

HENRY CONSTABLE

## TO HIS SLEEPING MISTRESS

Oh, fair sweet face! oh, eyes, celestial bright,  
Twin stars in heaven, that now adorn the night!  
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,  
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow!  
Oh, thou from head to foot divinely fair!  
Cupid's most cunning net 's made of that hair;  
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,  
"Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself!" he cries:  
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,  
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,  
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,  
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

JOHN FLETCHER

## FAWNIA

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,  
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,  
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,  
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.  
Ah! were her heart relenting as her hand,  
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,  
Then knew I where to seat me in a land  
Under wide heavens, but yet there is not such.  
So as she shows she seems the budding rose,  
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;  
Sovran of beauty, like the spray she grows;  
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd flower.  
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,  
She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

Ah! when she sings, all music else be still,  
For none must be comparèd to her note;  
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,  
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.  
Ah! when she riseth from her blissful bed  
She comforts all the world as doth the sun,  
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled;  
When she is set the gladsome day is done.  
O glorious sun, imagine me the West,  
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast!

ROBERT GREENE

## PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft  
To give my Love good-morrow!  
Wings from the wind to please her mind  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,  
To give my Love good-morrow;  
To give my Love good-morrow  
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,  
Sing birds in every furrow;  
And from each hill, let music shrill  
Give my fair Love good-morrow!  
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!  
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves  
Sing my fair Love good-morrow;  
To give my Love good-morrow  
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD







## ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom like a bee  
Doth suck his sweet;  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast;  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,  
With pretty flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee,  
The livelong night.  
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;  
He music plays if so I sing;  
He lends me every lovely thing;  
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.  
*Whist, wanton, still ye!*

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence,  
And bind you, when you long to play,  
For your offence.      4

I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,  
I'll make you fast it for your sin,  
I'll count your power not worth a pin.  
Alas! what hereby shall I win  
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
With many a rod?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
Because a god.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosom be;  
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.  
O Cupid! So thou pity me,  
Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE

## FAUSTUS TO HELEN

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!  
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!  
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.  
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,  
And all is dross that is not Helena.  
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd:  
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,  
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest.  
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,  
And then return to Helen for a kiss.  
O thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms,  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

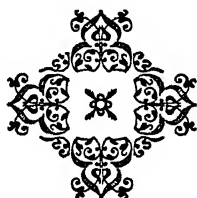
A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat  
As precious as the gods do eat  
Shall on an ivory table be  
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my Love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE



HOW OFT, WHEN THOU, MY MUSIC,  
MUSIC PLAY'ST

How oft, when thou, my Music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
To be so tickled, they would change their state  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.  
    Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
    Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



## O MISTRESS MINE

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
Oh, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty:  
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

## WHO IS SILVIA?

Who is Silvia? What is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair  
To help him of his blindness,  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling.  
To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

## THE BARGAIN

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one for the other given;  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;  
There never was a bargain better driven.  
His heart in me keeps me and him in one;  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;  
I cherish his, because in me it bides.  
His heart his wound receivèd from my sight;  
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart;  
For as from me on him his hurt did light,  
So still methought in me his hurt did smart:  
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

## FAIR IS MY LOVE

Fair is my Love, when her fair golden hairs  
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark;  
Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears;  
Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark.  
Fair, when her breast, like a rich laden bark,  
With precious merchandise she forth doth lay;  
Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark  
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.  
But fairest she, when so she doth display  
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight;  
Through which her words so wise do make their way  
To bear the message of her gentle spright.  
The rest be works of Nature's wonderment;  
But this the work of heart's astonishment.

EDMUND SPENSER

## LIKE AS THE CULVER

Like as the culver<sup>1</sup> on the barèd bough  
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,  
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow  
For his return that seems to linger late:  
So I alone, now left disconsolate,  
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love;  
And, wand'ring here and there all desolate,  
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove:  
No joy of aught that under heaven doth hove  
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight,  
Whose sweet aspect both god and man can move,  
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.

Dark is my day whilst her fair light I miss,  
And dead my life that wants such lively bliss.

EDMUND SPENSER

<sup>1</sup> Wood-pigeon.

## GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS

Give place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;  
My lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
Than doth the sun, the candle light  
Of brightest day, the darkest night.

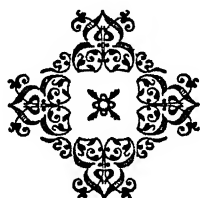
And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair;  
For what she saith, ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealed were:  
And virtues hath she many more  
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfect mould,  
The like to whom she could not paint:  
With wringing hands, how she did cry,  
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss by law of kind  
That could have gone so near her heart;  
And this was chiefly all her pain;  
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,  
To be the chiefest work she wrought;  
In faith, methinks! some better ways  
On your behalf might well be sought,  
Than to compare, as ye have done,  
To match the candle with the sun.

HENRY HOWARD,  
EARL OF SURREY



## CONSTANCY

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,  
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,  
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,  
Ascend to heaven in honour of my love.  
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,  
And you, my love, as humble and as low  
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,  
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.  
Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,  
My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,  
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.  
Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,  
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

·JOSHUA SYLVESTER



## THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

There is a Lady sweet and kind,  
Was never face so pleased my mind;  
I did but see her passing by,  
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,  
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,  
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,  
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning looks,  
Will make a lawyer burn his books,  
I touch'd her not, alas! not I;  
And yet I love her till I die.

. . . . .

Cupid is wingèd and doth range  
Her country, so my love doth change:  
But change she earth, or change she sky,  
Yet will I love her till I die.

· UNKNOWN

*From Thomas Ford's "Musicke of Sundrie  
Kindes," 1607*

## MY LOVE

My love is neither young nor old,  
Not fiery hot nor frozen cold,  
But fresh and fair as springing briar,  
Blooming the fruit of love's desire;  
Not snowy white nor rosy red,  
But fair enough for shepherd's bed,  
And such a love was never seen  
On hill or dale or country-green.

· UNKNOWN

*From Robert Jones's "Second Booke of Songs  
and Ayres," 1601*

# *The Seventeenth Century*





## THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE

There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies blow;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;  
There cherries grow that none may buy  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows  
They look like rose-buds filled with snow.  
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill  
All that attempt with eye or hand  
These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry!

RICHARD ALLISON

## LOVE IS A SICKNESS

Love is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that most with cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,  
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries  
*Heigh-ho!*

Love is a torment of the mind,  
A tempest everlasting;  
And Jove hath made it of a kind  
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries  
*Heigh-ho!*

SAMUEL DANIEL

## AWAKE, AWAKE!

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,  
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;  
He takes your window for the east,  
And to implore your light, he sings:  
"Awake, awake! the morn will never rise,  
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes."

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star;  
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;  
But still the lover wonders what they are  
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.  
Awake, awake! break through your veils of lawn,  
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

## THE DREAM

Dear love, for nothing less than thee  
Would I have broke this happy dream;

It was a theme

For reason, much too strong for fantasy.  
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet  
My dream thou brokest not, but continued'st it.  
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice  
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;  
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best  
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,  
Thine eyes, and not thy noise waked me;

Yet I thought thee

—For thou lov'st truth—an angel, at first sight;  
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,  
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,  
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou  
knew'st when

Excess of joy would wake me, and camest then,  
I must confess, it could not choose but be  
Profane, to think thee any thing but thee.



Coming and staying show'd thee, thee,  
But rising makes me doubt, that now

Thou art not thou.

That love is weak where fear 's as strong as he;  
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,  
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour have.  
Perchance as torches which must ready be  
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me;  
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; then I  
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

JOHN DONNE



## LESS LOVE OR MORE

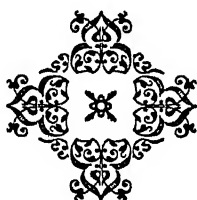
Or love me less, or love me more;  
And play not with my liberty:  
Either take all, or all restore;  
Bind me at least, or set me free.  
Let me some nobler torture find  
Than of a doubtful wavering mind:  
Take all my peace! but you betray  
Mine honour too, this cruel way.

'Tis true that I have nursed before  
That hope, of which I now complain;  
And, having little, sought no more,  
Fearing to meet with your disdain.  
The sparks of favour you did give,  
I gently blew, to make them live;  
And yet have gain'd, by all this care,  
No rest in hope, nor in despair.

I see you wear that pitying smile  
Which you have still vouchsaf'd my smart,  
Content thus cheaply to beguile  
And entertain an harmless heart:  
But I no longer can give way  
To hope which doth so little pay;  
And yet I dare no freedom owe,  
Whilst you are kind, though but in show.

Then give me more, or give me less:  
Do not disdain a mutual sense;  
Or your unpitying beauties dress  
In their own free indifference!  
But show not a severer eye,  
Sooner to give me liberty;  
For I shall love the very scorn  
Which, for my sake, you do put on.

, SIDNEY GODOLPHIN



## A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESSE

You are a tulip seen to-day,  
But, dearest, of so short a stay  
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,  
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower  
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,  
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood  
Can show where you or grew or stood.

You are a dainty violet,  
Yet withered, ere you can be set  
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,  
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,  
As he, the maker of this song.

ROBERT HERRICK



TO ANTHEA  
WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live  
Thy protestant to be;  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay  
To honour thy decree;  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
While I have eyes to see:  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair  
Under that cypress tree;  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me,  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

## QUESTIONS

Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
    Before rude hands have touch'd it?  
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow  
    Before the soil hath smutch'd it?  
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?  
    Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?  
    Or the nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
    O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she!

· BEN JONSON

## TO CELIA

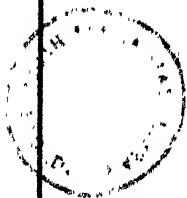
Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not wither'd be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON







## TO LUCASTA

### ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field,  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE

## MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE

My dear and only love, I pray  
That little world of thee  
Be governed by no other sway  
Than purest monarchy.  
For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
And hold a synod in thine heart,  
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone;  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,  
And constant of thy word,  
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
And famous by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
Was never heard before;  
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAM

## PHYLLIS

Phyllis is my only joy,  
Faithless as the winds or seas,  
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,  
Yet she never fails to please.  
If with a frown  
I am cast down,  
Phyllis, smiling  
And beguiling,  
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find  
Nothing can her fancy fix,  
Yet the moment she is kind,  
I forgive her all her tricks:  
Which though I see,  
I can't get free;  
She deceiving,  
I believing:  
What need lovers wish for more?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

## TO CELIA

Not, Celia, that I juster am  
Or better than the rest;  
For I would change each hour, like them,  
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee  
By every thought I have;  
Thy face I only care to see,  
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored,  
In thy dear self I find;  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,  
And still make love anew?  
When Change itself can give no more,  
'Tis easy to be true.

• SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

## ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prythee, why so pale?

Will, if looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prythee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

## I PRYTHER SEND ME BACK MY HEART

I prythee send me back my heart,  
Since I can not have thine:  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;  
To find it were in vain,  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together?  
Oh Love! where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out:  
For when I think I'm best resolved,  
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,  
I will no longer pine;  
For I'll believe I have her heart  
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING



## ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
No monarch but would give his crown  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely dear:  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:  
Give me but what this riband bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

EDMUND WALLER

## SONG

Go, lovely rose,  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That, hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty, from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER

## A STOLEN KISS

Now gentle sleep hath closèd up those eyes  
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;  
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,  
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.  
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal  
From those two melting rubies one poor kiss:  
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,  
Nor rob I her of aught that she can miss:  
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,  
There would be little sign I had done so:  
Why then should I this robbery delay?  
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!  
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,  
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

• GEORGE WITHER

## THE MANLY HEART

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's roses are?  
Be she fairer than the day  
Or the flowery meads in May  
If she be not so for me  
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined  
'Cause I see a woman kind?  
Or a well-dispos'd nature  
Join'd with a lovely feature?  
Be she meeker, kinder, than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
If she be not so to me  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtue move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her well-deservings known  
Make me quite forget mine own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may merit name of Best;  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
That without them dare to woo;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair;  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

• GEORGE WITHER



# *The Eighteenth Century*







## OF A' THE AIRTS

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And monie a hill between,  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air:  
There's not a bonie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There's not a bonie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS

## AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Naething could resist my Nancy;  
But to see her was to love her;  
Love but her, and love for ever.  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS



## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
There is no lady in the land  
Is half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
And through the streets does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em:  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally!  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

. . . . .

My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamèd  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is namèd;  
I leave the church in sermon-time  
And slink away to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
O then I shall have money ;  
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
I'll give it to my honey ;  
I would it were ten thousand pound,  
I'd give it all to Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley .

My master and the neighbours all  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And, but for her, I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley ;  
But when my seven long years are out,  
O, then I'll marry Sally ;  
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed . . .  
But not in our alley !

HENRY CAREY

## ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gi'ed me her promise true;  
Gi'ed me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,  
Her neck is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on—  
That e'er the sun shone on—  
And dark blue is her e'e;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

## IF DOUGHTY DEEDS

If doughty deeds my lady please.

Right soon I'll mount my steed;  
And strong his arm and fast his seat  
That bears frae me the meed.

I'll wear thy colours in my cap.

Thy picture at my heart;  
And he that bends not to thine eye  
Shall rue it to his smart!

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;

O tell me how to woo thee!

For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take

Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye

I'll dight me in array;

I'll tend thy chamber door all night,

And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,

These sounds I'll strive to catch;

Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,

That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,

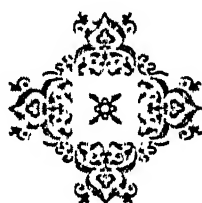
I never broke a vow:

Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,

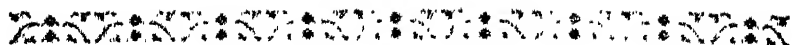
I never loved but you.

For you alone I ride the ring,  
For you I wear the blue;  
For you alone I strive to sing—  
O tell me how to woo!  
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;  
O tell me how to woo thee!  
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,  
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

GRAHAM OF GARTMORE







## MY BONNIE THING

O weel befa' the guileless heart  
In cottage, bught, or pen!  
And weel befa' the bonny May  
That wons in yonder glen;  
Wha lo'es the good and true sae weel —  
Wha's aye sae kind and aye sae leal,  
And pure as blooming asphodel  
Amang sae mony men;  
O weel befa' the bonnie thing  
That wons in yonder glen.

'Tis sweet to hear the music float  
Alang the gloaming lea;  
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note  
Come pealing frae the tree;  
To see the lambkin's lightsome race;  
The speckled kid in wanton chase;  
The young deer cower in lonely place  
Deep in his flowery den;  
But what is like the bonnie face  
That smiles in yonder glen?

There's beauty in the violet's vest,  
There's hinny in the haw,  
There's dew within the rose's breast,  
The sweetest o' them a'.  
The sun may rise and set again  
And lace wi' burning gowd the main,  
The rainbow bend out ow're the plain  
Sae lovely to the ken;  
But there's naething like my bonnie thing  
That wons in yonder glen.

JAMES HOGG



## ELOISA TO ABELARD

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?  
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.  
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;  
Ev'n thou art cold: yet Eloisa loves.

Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn  
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where e'er I turn my view?

The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue.

Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,

Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.

I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,

Thy image steals between my God and me.

Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear.

With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,

And swelling organs lift the rising soul.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,

Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:

In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd.

While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,

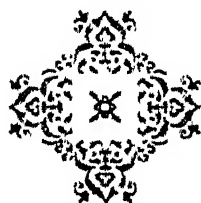
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,

While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,

And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:

Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!  
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;  
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes  
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies;  
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;  
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;  
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;  
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

ALEXANDER POPE



## HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I wish I were where Helen lies,  
Night and day on me she cries;  
O that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd' Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me!

O think na ye ma heart was sair,  
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!  
I'll mak' a garland o' thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I dee!

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me.

UNKNOWN

<sup>1</sup> maid.

## LASSIE, WOULD YE LO'E ME?

Oh gin I were a Baron's heir,  
And could I braid wi' gems your hair,  
And mak' ye braw as ye are fair,  
Lassie, would ye lo'e me?  
And could I tak' ye to the town,  
And show ye braw sights mony an ane,  
And busk ye fine in silken gown,  
Lassie, would ye lo'e me?

Or should ye be content to prove  
In lowly life unfading love—  
A heart that nought on earth could move—  
Lassie, would ye lo'e me?  
And ere the lav'rock wing the sky,  
Say would ye to the forest hie,  
And work wi' me sae merrily, . . .  
Lassie, would ye lo'e me?

And when the braw moon glistens o'er  
Oor wee bit bield and heathery muir,  
Will ye no greet that we're sae puir,  
Lassie, for I lo'e ye!  
For I hae nought to offer ye,  
Nae gow'd frae mine, nae pearl frae sea,  
Nor am I come o' high degree,  
Lassie, but I lo'e ye!

UNKNOWN

## WHEN MOLLY SMILES

When Molly smiles beneath her cow,  
I feel my heart I can't tell how;  
When Molly is on Sunday drest,  
On Sundays I can take no rest.

What can I do? on worky days  
I leave my work on her to gaze.  
What shall I say? At sermons, I  
Forget the text when Molly's by.

Good master curate, teach me how  
To mind your preaching, and my plough:  
And if for this you'll raise a spell,  
A good fat goose shall thank you well.

UNKNOWN

# *The Nineteenth Century*







## IN THE SPRING

My love is the maïd ov all maïdens,  
Though all mid be comely,  
Her skin's lik' the jessamy blossom  
A-spread in the Spring.

Her smile is so sweet as a baby's  
Young smile on his mother;  
Her eyes be as bright as the dew drop  
A-shed in the Spring.

O grey-leafy pinks o' the geården,  
Now bear her sweet blossoms;  
Now deck wi' a rrose-bud, O briar,  
Her head in the Spring!

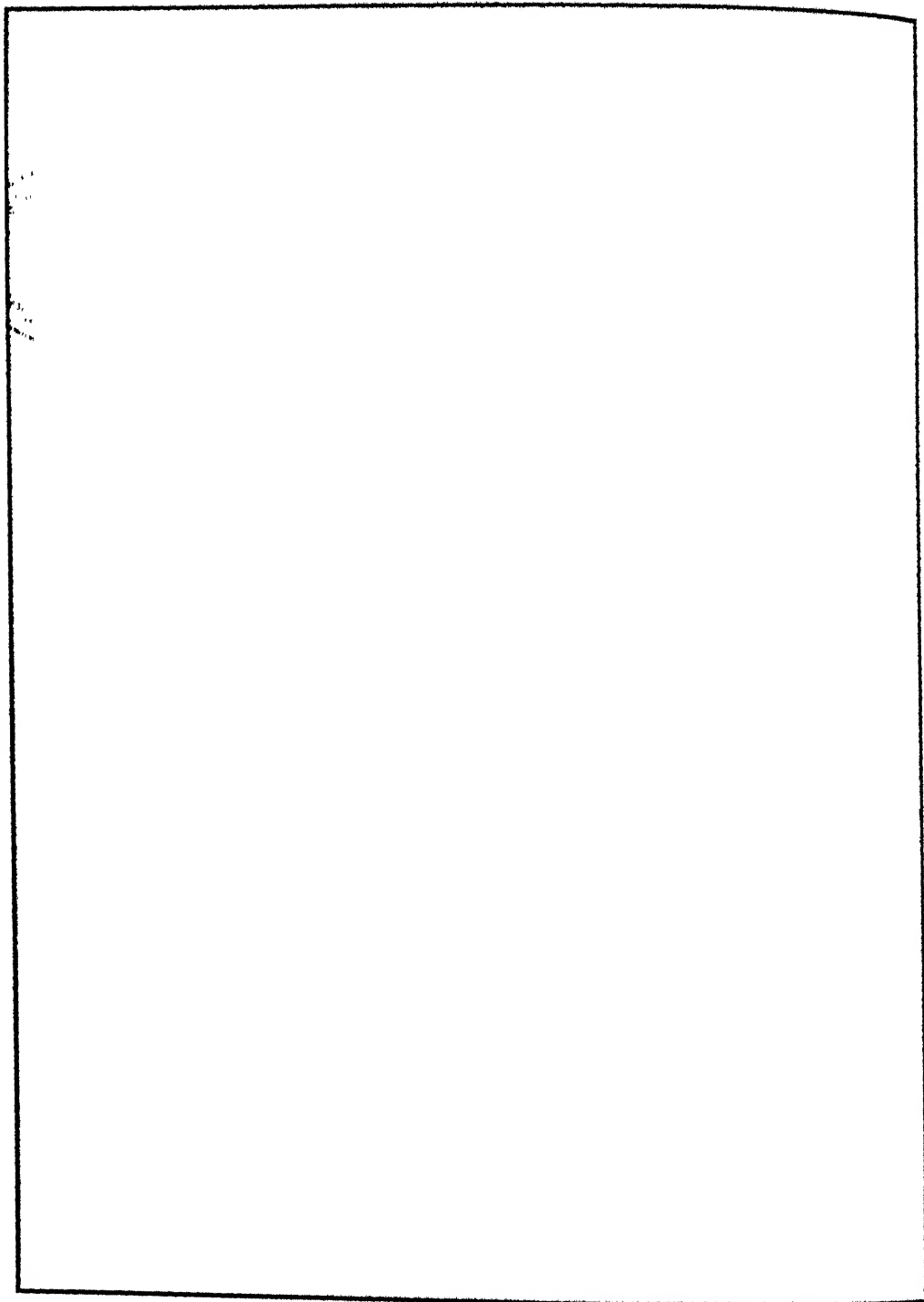
O light-rollèn wind, blow me hither  
The vaïce ov her talkèn;  
O bring vrom her veet the light doust  
She do tread in the Spring.

O zun, meäke the gil'cups all glitter  
In goold all around her,  
An' meäke o' the deäisys' white flowers  
A bed in the Spring.

O whistle, gay birds, up bezide her,  
In drong-way an' woodlands;  
O zing, swingén lark, now the clouds  
Be a-vied in the Spring!

WILLIAM BARNES





## TO MANON

I did not choose thee, dearest. It was Love  
That made the choice, not I. Mine eyes were blind  
As a rude shepherd's who to some lone grove  
His offering brings and cares not at what shrine  
He bends his knee. The gifts alone were mine;  
The rest was Love's. He took me by the hand  
And fired the sacrifice, and poured the wine,  
And spoke the words I might not understand.

I was unwise in all but the dear chance  
Which was my fortune, and the blind desire  
Which led my foolish steps to Love's abode,  
And youth's sublime unreason'd prescience  
Which raised an altar and inscribed in fire  
Its dedication: *To the Unknown God.*

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

## HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

• ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

## INCLUSIONS

Oh, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie along in  
thine?

As a little stone in a running stream, it seems to  
lie and pine.

Now drop the poor pale hand, Dear, unfit to  
plight with thine.

Oh, wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, . . . drawn  
closer to thine own?

My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by many  
a tear run down.

Now leave a little space, Dear, lest it should wet  
thine own.

Oh, must thou have my soul, Dear, . . . com-  
mingled with thy soul?—

Red grows the cheek, and warm the hand, . . . the  
part is in the whole:

Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate, when soul  
is joined to soul.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



## ONE WORD MORE

To E. B. B. 1855

There they are, my fifty men and women  
Naming me the fifty poems finished!  
Take them, Love, the book and me together:  
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,  
Made and wrote them in a certain volume  
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil,  
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:  
These, the world might view—but One, the volume.  
Who that One, you ask? Your heart instructs you.  
Did she live and love it all her life-time?  
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,  
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow  
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,  
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—  
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,  
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

You and I would rather read that volume,  
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)  
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,  
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—  
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,  
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,  
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—  
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

You and I will never read that volume.  
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple  
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.  
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna  
Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours, the treasure!"  
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:  
Whom to please? You whisper, "Beatrice."  
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,  
(Peradventure with a pen corroded  
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,  
When, his left hand i' the hair o' the wicked,  
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,  
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,  
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,  
Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—  
Dante, who loved well because he hated,  
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,  
Dante standing, studying his angel,—  
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.  
Says he—"Certain people of importance"  
(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)  
"Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet."  
Says the poet—"Then I stopped my painting."

You and I would rather see that angel,  
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,  
Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

You and I will never see that picture.  
While he mused on love and Beatrice,  
While he softened o'er his outlined angel,  
In they broke, those "people of importance":  
We and Bice bear the loss for ever.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?  
This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not  
Once, and only once, and for One only,  
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language  
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—  
Using nature that's an art to others,  
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.  
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,  
None but would forego his proper dowry,—  
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—  
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,  
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,  
Once, and only once, and for One only,  
So to be the man and leave the artist,  
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement!  
He who smites the rock and spreads the water,  
Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him,  
Even he, the minute makes immortal,  
Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute,  
Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.

While he smites, how can he but remember,  
So he smote before, in such a peril,  
When they stood and mocked--"Shall smiting help us?"  
When they drank and sneered--"A stroke is easy!"  
When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,  
Throwing him for thanks--"But drought was pleasant."  
Thus old memories mar the actual triumph;  
Thus the doing savours of disrelish;  
Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;  
O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,  
Carelessness or consciousness, the gesture.  
For he bears an ancient wrong about him,  
Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,  
Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed prelude—  
"How shouldst thou, of all men, smite, and save us?"  
Guesses what is like to prove the sequel—  
"Egypt's flesh-pots—nay, the drought was better."

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant!  
Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,  
Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.  
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

Did he love one face from out the thousands,  
(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely;  
Were she but the Aethiopian bondslave,)  
He would envy yon dumb patient camel,

Keeping a reserve of scanty water  
Meant to save his own life in the desert;  
Ready in the desert to deliver  
(Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)  
Hoard and life together for his mistress.

I shall never, in the years remaining,  
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,  
Make you music that should all-express me;  
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.  
This of verse alone, one life allows me;  
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.  
Other heights in other lives, God willing:  
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!

Yet a semblance of resource avails us -  
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.  
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,  
Lines I write the first time and the last time.  
He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,  
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,  
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,  
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,  
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.  
He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe thro' silver,  
Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.  
He who writes may write, for once, as I do.

Love, you saw me gather men and women,  
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,  
Enter each and all, and use their service,  
Speak from every mouth, — the speech, a poem.  
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,  
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving;  
I am mine and yours — the rest be all men's,  
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.  
Let me speak this once in my true person,  
Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,  
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence—  
Pray you, look on these my men and women,  
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;  
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!  
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!  
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,  
Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured,  
Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,  
Drifted over Piesole by twilight,  
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.  
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,  
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,  
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.  
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,  
Hard to greet, she traverses the houseroofs,  
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,  
Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

What, there's nothing in the moon noteworthy?  
Nay: for if that moon could love a mortal,  
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy',  
All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos ,  
She would turn a new side to her mortal,  
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—  
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,  
Blind to Galileo on his turret,  
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats - him, even!  
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal—  
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,  
Opens out anew for worse or better!  
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg  
Swimming full upon the ship it founders,  
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?  
Proves she as the paved-work of a sapphire  
Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain?  
Moses, Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu  
Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,  
Stand upon the paved-work of a sapphire.  
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness  
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved-work,  
When they ate and drank and saw God also!

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know.  
Only this is sure—the sight were other,  
Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,  
Dying now impoverished here in London.

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures  
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,  
One to show a woman when he loves her!

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!  
This to you—yourself my moon of poets!  
Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,  
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!  
There, in turn I stand with them and praise you—  
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.  
But the best is when I glide from out them,  
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,  
Come out on the other side, the novel  
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,  
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,  
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,  
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,  
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!

ROBERT BROWNING



## SONG FROM "A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON'"

There's a woman like a dew-drop, she's so purer  
than the purest;  
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure  
faith's the surest:  
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on  
depth of lustre  
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than  
the wild-grape cluster,  
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-  
misted marble:  
Then her voice's music . . . call it the well's bubbling,  
the bird's warble!

And this woman says, "My days were sunless and my  
nights were moonless,  
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's  
heart's outbreak tuneless,  
If you loved me not!" And I who—(ah, for words  
of flame!) adore her!  
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably  
before her—  
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lattice  
takes me,  
And by noontide as by midnight make her mine, as  
hers she makes me!

ROBERT BROWNING

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in Beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that check, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

LORD BYRON

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC

There be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmèd ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep,  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON

## THE PLEDGE

Drink ye to her that each loves best,  
And if you nurse a flame  
That's told but to her mutual breast,  
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad  
Paints silently the fair,  
That each should dream of joys he's had  
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast  
From hallow'd thoughts so dear;  
But drink to her that each loves most,  
As she would love to hear.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

## MAIRE<sup>1</sup> MY GIRL

Over the dim blue hills  
    Strays a wild river,  
Over the dim blue hills  
    Rests my heart ever.  
Dearer and brighter than  
    Jewels and pearl,  
Dwells she in beauty there,  
    Maire my girl.

Down upon Claris heath  
    Shines the soft berry,  
On the brown harvest tree  
    Droops the red cherry.  
Sweeter thy honey lips,  
    Softer the curl  
Straying adown thy cheeks,  
    Maire my girl.

'Twas on an April eve  
    That I first met her;  
Many an eve shall pass  
    Ere I forget her.  
Since my young heart has been  
    Wrapped in a whirl,  
Thinking and dreaming of  
    Maire my girl.

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Maurya*.

She is too kind and fond  
    Ever to grieve me,  
She has too pure a heart  
    E'er to deceive me.  
Were I Tyrconnell's chief  
    Or Desmond's earl,  
Life would be dark, wanting  
    Maire my girl.

Over the dim blue hills  
    Strays a wild river,  
Over the dim blue hills  
    Rests my heart ever;  
Dearer and brighter than  
    Jewels or pearl,  
Dwells she in beauty there,  
    Maire my girl.

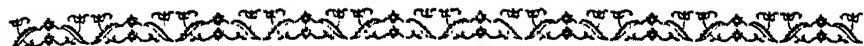
JOHN KEEGAN CASEY

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,  
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;  
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,—  
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?  
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?  
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?  
It may be for years, and it may be for ever!  
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?  
Oh, why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!  
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;  
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?  
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!  
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,  
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!  
It may be for years, and it may be for ever!  
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?  
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

LOUISA MACARTNEY CRAWFORD



NON SUM QUALIS ERAM BONAE  
SUB REGNO CYNARAE

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed  
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;  
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
    Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,  
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;  
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
    When I awoke and found the dawn was grey:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
    Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.



I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

. ERNEST DOWSON



## GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Give all to love;  
Obey thy heart;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good-fame,  
Plans, credit and the Muse,—  
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;  
Let it have scope:  
Follow it utterly,  
Hope beyond hope:  
High and more high  
It dives into noon,  
With wing unspent,  
Untold intent;

But it is a god,  
Knows its own path  
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;  
It requireth courage stout.  
Souls above doubt,  
Valor unbending,  
It will reward,—  
They shall return  
More than they were,  
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;  
Yet, hear me, yet,  
One word more thy heart behoved,  
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—  
Keep thee to-day,  
To-morrow, forever,  
Free as an Arab  
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;  
But when the surprise,  
First vague shadow of surmise  
Flits across her bosom young,  
Of a joy apart from thee,  
Free be she, fancy-free;  
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,  
Nor the palest rose she flung  
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,  
As a self of purer clay,  
Though her parting dims the day,  
Stealing grace from all alive;  
Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

## TO EVA

O fair and stately maid, whose eyes  
Were kindled in the upper skies  
At the same torch that lighted mine;  
For so I must interpret still  
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,  
A sympathy divine.

Ah! let me blameless gaze upon  
Features that seem at heart my own:  
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,  
Who charm the more their glance forbids,  
Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,  
With fire that draws while it repels.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

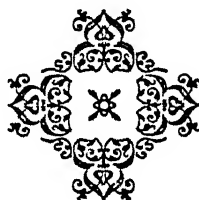
## MARCO'S SONG FROM "THE GONDOLIERS"

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,  
Hidden, ever and anon,  
In a merciful eclipse—  
Do not heed their mild surprise;  
Having passed the Rubicon.  
Take a pair of rosy lips;  
Take a figure trimly planned—  
Such as admiration whets  
(Be particular in this);  
Take a tender little hand,  
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,  
Press it—in parenthesis.  
Ah! Take all these, you lucky man;  
Take and keep them, if you can!

Take a pretty little cot—  
Quite a miniature affair—  
Hung about with trellised vine;  
Furnish it upon the spot  
With the treasures rich and rare  
I've endeavoured to define.

Live to love and love to live;  
    You will ripen at your ease,  
        Growing on the sunny side;  
Fate has nothing more to give.  
    You're a dainty man to please  
        If you are not satisfied.  
Ah! Take my counsel, happy man  
Act upon it, if you can!

SIR W. S. GILBERT



## L'INCONNUE

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?  
Such should, methinks, its music be;  
The sweetest name that mortals bear  
Were best befitting thee;  
And she to whom it once was given  
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,  
I look upon thy folded hair;  
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,  
Our hearts are in the snare;  
And she who chains a wild bird's wing  
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,  
To all but thee unseen, unknown;  
When evening shades thy silent walls,  
Then read it all alone;  
In stillness read, in darkness seal,  
Forget, despise, but not reveal!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

## TO A COLD BEAUTY

Lady, wouldst thou heiress be  
To Winter's cold and cruel part?  
When he sets the rivers free  
Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—  
Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,  
But in the whiteness of thy brow.

Scorn and cold neglect are made  
For winter gloom and winter wind,  
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,  
Breathing it to words unkind,—  
Breath which only should belong  
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,  
Red, and white, and pied, and blue,  
And that virgin flow'r, the rose,  
Opes her heart to hold the dew,  
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up  
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit  
Thus in Love's peculiar throne;—  
Brooklets are not prison'd now,  
But crystal frosts are all agone,  
And that which hangs upon the spray,  
It is no snow, but flow'r of May!

THOMAS HOOD



## LOVE IN THE WINDS

When I am standing on a mountain crest,  
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,  
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,  
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray;  
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,  
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,  
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee  
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.  
Ho, love! I laugh aloud for love of you,  
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather,—  
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,  
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,  
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,  
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

RICHARD HOVEY

## JENNY KISS'D ME

Jenny kiss'd me when we met,  
    Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief! who love to get  
    Sweets into your list, put that in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;  
    Say that health and wealth have miss'd me;  
Say I'm growing old, but add—  
    Jenny kiss'd me!

LEIGH HUNT

## SONNET TO FANNY

I cry your mercy—pity—love!—aye, love!

Merciful love that tantalizes not,

One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,

Unmask'd, and being seen—without a blot!

O! let me have thee whole,—all—all—be mine!

That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest

Of love, your kiss,—those hands, those eyes divine,

That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,—

Yourself—your soul—in pity give me all,

Withhold no atom's atom or I die,

Or living on perhaps, your wretched thrall,

Forget, in the mist of idle misery,

Life's purposes,—the palate of my mind

Losing its gust, and my ambition blind!

JOHN KEATS .

## SONNET

*Written on a blank page in Shakespeare's Poems, facing  
"A Lover's Complaint."*

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS

## EVENING SONG

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,  
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,  
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,  
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,  
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,  
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,  
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;  
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.  
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart,  
Never our lips, our hands.

SIDNEY LANIER.

## ONAWAY! AWAKE, BELOVED!

Onaway! Awake, belovèd!  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them!

Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance  
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,  
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are brightest?

Onaway! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!

When thou art not pleased, belovèd,  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens  
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

When thou smilest, my belovèd,  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,  
Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling  
When thou art no longer near me!

I myself, myself, behold me!  
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!  
O awake, awake, belovèd!  
Onaway! awake belovèd!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



## MY LOVE

Not as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening-star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair;  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone, or despise:  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.



She hath no scorn of common things,  
And, though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart intertwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

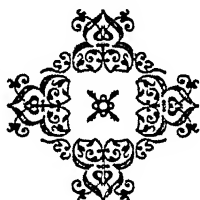
She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Seems following its own wayward will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them and between,  
And makes them fresh and fair and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



## MY YOUNG LOVE

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward,  
Couched with her arms behind her golden head,  
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,  
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.  
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,  
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,  
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me;  
Then would she hold me and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,  
Swift as the swallow along the river's light  
Circling the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,  
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.  
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,  
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,  
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,  
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!

• GEORGE MEREDITH

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST  
WE LOV'D

Oh, no—not ev'n when first we lov'd  
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;  
Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,  
But now thy virtues bind my heart.  
What was but Passion's sigh before  
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;  
And, though I then might love thee *more*,  
Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth  
Might kindle with more wild desire,  
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth  
Much more than it has lost in fire.  
The flame now warms my inmost core  
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,  
And though I seem'd to love thee more,  
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

• THOMAS MOORE

## THE MARRIED LOVER

Why, having won her, do I woo?

Because her spirit's vestal grace  
Provokes me always to pursue,

But, spirit-like, eludes embrace;  
Because her womanhood is such

That, as on court-days subjects kiss  
The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch  
Affirms no mean familiarness;

Nay, rather marks more fair the height  
Which can with safety so neglect

To dread, as lower ladies might,

That grace could meet with disrespect;  
Thus she with happy favour feeds

Allegiance from a love so high

That thence no false conceit proceeds

Of difference bridged, or state put by;  
Because, although in act and word

As lowly as a wife can be,

Her manners, when they call me lord,

Remind me 'tis by courtesy;

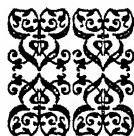
Not with her least consent of will,

Which would my proud affection hurt,  
But by the noble style that still

Imputes an unattain'd desert;

Because her gay and lofty brows,  
When all is won which hope can ask,  
Reflect a light of hopeless snows  
That bright in virgin ether bask;  
Because, though free of the outer court  
I am, this Temple keeps its shrine  
Sacred to Heaven; because, in short,  
She's not and never can be mine.

COVENTRY PATMORE



## ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

. EDGAR ALLAN POE



## A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
My heart is like an apple tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thickset  
fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a daïs of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

## ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream;  
Come back in tears,  
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,  
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;  
Where thirsting, longing eyes  
Watch the slow door  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live  
My very life again, though cold in death:  
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give  
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:  
Speak low, lean low,  
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

## LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?  
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes  
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize  
The worship of that Love through thee made known?  
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)  
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies  
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,  
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see  
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,  
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—  
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope  
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,  
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle;—  
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

• PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright:  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
And the Champak's odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart;—  
As I must on thine,  
O! belovèd as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!  
I die! I faint! I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast;—  
Oh! press it to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## A MATCH

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or grey grief;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are  
That get sweet rain at noon;  
If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune.

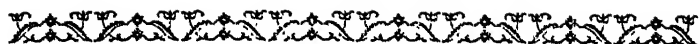
If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death,  
We'd shine and snow together  
Ere March made sweet the weather  
With daffodil and starling  
And hours of fruitful breath;  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy,  
We'd play for lives and seasons  
With loving looks and treasons  
And tears of night and morrow  
And laughs of maid and boy;  
If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day like night were shady  
And night were bright like day;  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying-feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein;  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.

• ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



## FRAGOLETTA

O sole desire of my delight!  
O sole delight of my desire!  
Mine eyelids and eyesight  
Feed on thee day and night  
Like lips of fire.

Thy sweet low bosom, thy close hair,  
Thy strait soft flanks and slenderer feet,  
Thy virginal strange air,  
Are these not over fair  
For Love to greet?

Thy mouth is made of fire and wine,  
Thy barren bosom takes my kiss  
And turns my soul to thine,  
And turns thy lip to mine,  
And mine it is.

Cleave to me, love me, kiss mine eyes,  
Sate thy lips with loving me;  
Nay, for thou shalt not rise;  
Lie still as Love that dies  
For love of thee.



Mine arms are close about thine head,  
My lips are fervent on thy face,  
And where my kiss hath fed  
Thy flower-like blood leaps red  
To the kissèd place.

O bitterness of things too sweet!  
O broken singing of the dove!  
Love's wings are over fleet,  
And like the panther's feet  
The feet of Love.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

## STELLA MARIS

Ah might it be that thou, who like the Dawn,  
Or Nereid rising from thine own blue sea,  
In supple strength and fearless nudity,  
With calm wide eyes of azure unwithdrawn,  
Bared thy white limbs, and let thy beauty dawn  
In moonbeams whiter than the moon for me;  
Thou wild as Adria's waves that cradled thee,  
Swift as a sleuth-hound, slender as a fawn;—  
Ah might it be that thou, even thou, couldst give  
What the soul yearns for; not this passionate feast  
Which makes the satiate man go forth a beast!  
I crave no life-gift; let the guerdon be  
Than thought more frail, than time more fugitive,  
So but we blend one moment, thou with me!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

## SONG FROM "MAUD"

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone?  
She is weary of dance and play."

Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,  
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;

But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one:  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate;  
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## SONG FROM "MERLIN AND VIVIEN"

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute  
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:  
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, "No."  
And trust me not at all or all in all.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS"

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

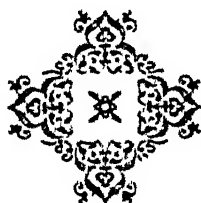
Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make  
her mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON





## ARAB LOVE SONG

The hunched camels of the night  
Trouble the bright  
And silver waters of the moon.  
The Maiden of the Morn will soon  
Through Heaven stray and sing,  
Star gathering.  
Now while the dark about our loves is strewn,  
Light of my dark, blood of my heart, O come!  
And night will catch her breath up, and be dumb.

Leave thy father, leave thy mother  
And thy brother;  
Leave the black tents of thy tribe apart!  
Am I not thy father and thy brother,  
And thy mother?  
And thou—what needest with thy tribe's black tents  
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart?

FRANCIS THOMPSON

## SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



# *The Twentieth Century*





## AFTER TWO YEARS

She is all so slight  
And tender and white  
As a May morning.  
She walks without hood  
At dusk. It is good  
To hear her sing.

It is God's will  
That I shall love her still  
As he loves Mary.  
And night and day  
I will go forth to pray  
That she love me.

She is as gold  
Lovely, and far more cold.  
Do thou pray with me,  
For if I win grace  
To kiss twice her face  
God has done well to me.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

## PRELUDE

How could I love you more?  
I would give up  
Even that beauty I have loved too well  
That I might love you better.  
Alas, how poor the gifts that lovers give—  
I can but give you of my flesh and strength,  
I can but give you these few passing days  
And passionate words that since our speech began  
All lovers whisper in all women's ears.

I try to think of some one gift  
No lover yet in all the world has found;  
I think: If the cold sombre gods  
Were hot with love as I am  
Could they not endow you with a star  
And fix bright youth for ever in your limbs? .  
Could they not give you all things that I lack?

You should have loved a god; I am but dust.  
Yet no god loves as loves this poor frail dust.

. . . . .

RICHARD ALDINGTON

## THINKING OF SHORES

Thinking of shores that I shall never see,  
And things that I would know but am forbid  
By time and briefness, treasures locked from me  
In unknown tongue or human bosom hid,

Knowing how unsure is all my knowledge, doled  
To sloven memory and to cheated sense,  
And to what majesty of stars I hold  
My little candle of experience,—

In the vast light, in the untravelled night,  
I sigh and seek. And there is answer none,  
But in the silence that sure pressure slight  
Of your heart beating close beside my own.

‘ O Love, Love, where in you is any bound?  
Fool I to seek, who have infinitely found.

LAURENCE BINYON



## AWAKE, MY HEART, TO BE LOVED

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!  
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,  
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake  
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee;  
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,  
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:  
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—  
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;  
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:  
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake! the land is scattered with light, and see,  
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:  
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;  
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee:  
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.  
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,  
And awake my heart to be loved: awake, awake!"

ROBERT BRIDGES

## MY DELIGHT AND THY DELIGHT

My delight and thy delight  
Walking, like two angels white,  
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire  
Twining to a tongue of fire,  
Leaping live, and laughing higher:

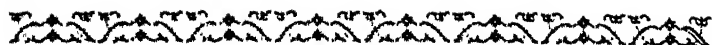
Thro' the everlasting strife  
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,  
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,  
Whence the million stars were strewn,  
Why each atom knows its own,  
How, in spite of woe and death,  
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:

This he taught us, this we knew,  
Happy in his science true,  
Hand in hand as we stood  
'Neath the shadows of the wood,  
Heart to heart as we lay  
In the dawning of the day.

• ROBERT BRIDGES



## DAPHNE

I know that face!  
In some lone forest place,  
When June brings back the laurel to the hills,  
Where shade and sunlight lace,

Where all day long  
The brown birds make their song—  
A music that seems never to have known  
Dismay nor haste nor wrong—

I once before  
Have seen thee by the shore,  
As if about to shed the flowery guise  
And be thyself once more.

Dear, shy, soft face,  
With just the elfin trace  
That lends thy human beauty the last touch  
Of wild, elusive grace!

Can it be true,  
A god did once pursue  
Thy gleaming beauty through the glimmering wood,  
Drenched in the Dorian dew,

Too mad to stay  
His hot and headstrong way,  
Demented by the fragrance of thy flight,  
Heedless of thy dismay?

But I to thee  
More gently fond would be,  
Nor less a lover woo thee with soft words  
And woodland melody;

Take pipe and play  
Each forest fear away;  
Win thee to idle in the leafy shade  
All the long summer day;

Tell thee old tales  
Of love, that still avails  
More than all mighty things in this great world,  
Still wonder works nor fails;

Teach thee new lore,  
How to love more and more,  
And find the magical delirium  
In joys unguessed before.

I would try over  
And over to discover  
Some wild, sweet, foolish, irresistible  
New way to be thy lover—

New, wondrous ways  
To fill thy golden days,  
Thy lovely pagan body with delight,  
Thy loving heart with praise.

For I would learn,  
Deep in the brookside fern,  
The magic of the syrinx whispering low  
With bubbly fall and turn;

Mock every note  
Of the green woodbird's throat,  
Till some wild strain, impassioned yet serene,  
Should form and float

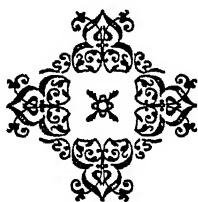
Far through the hills,  
Where mellow sunlight fills  
The world with joy, and from the purple vines  
The brew of life distils.

Ah, then indeed  
Thy heart should have no need  
To tremble at a footfall in the brake,  
And bid thy bright limbs speed.

But night would come,  
And I should make thy home  
In the deep pines, lit by a yellow star  
Hung in the dark blue dome—

A fragrant house  
Of woven balsam boughs  
Where the great Cyprian mother should receive  
Our warm unsullied vows.

BLISS CARMAN



## A SONG OF PRAISE

*For One who praised his Lady's being Fair*

You have not heard my love's dark throat,  
Slow-fluting like a reed,  
Release the perfect golden note  
She caged there for my need.

Her walk is like the replica  
Of some barbaric dance  
Wherein the soul of Africa  
Is winged with arrogance.

And yet so light she steps across  
The ways her sure feet pass,  
She does not dent the smoothest moss  
Or bend the thinnest grass.

My love is dark as yours is fair,  
Yet lovelier I hold her  
Than listless maids with pallid hair,  
And blood that's thin and colder.

You proud-and-to-be-pitied one,  
Gaze on her and despair;  
Then seal your lips until the sun  
Discovers one as fair.

COUNTEE CULLEN

## CHARMS

She walks as lightly as a fly  
Skates on the water in July.

To hear her moving petticoat  
For me is music's highest note.

Stones are not heard, when her feet pass,  
No more than tumps of moss or grass.

When she sits still, she's like a flower,  
To be a butterfly next hour.

The brook laughs not more sweet, when he  
Trips over pebbles suddenly.

My Love, like him, can whisper low—  
When he comes where green cresses grow.

She rises like the lark, that hour  
He goes halfway to meet a shower.

A fresher drink is in her looks  
Than Nature gives me, or old books.

When I in my Love's shadow sit,  
I do not miss the sun one bit.



When she is near, my arms can hold  
All that's worth having in this world.

And when I know not where she is,  
Nothing can come but comes amiss.

. W. H. DAVIES



## WHERE SHE IS NOW

Where she is now, I cannot say—

The world has many a place of light:  
Perhaps the sun's eyelashes dance

On hers, to give them both delight;  
Or does she sit in some green shade,  
And then the air, that lies above,  
Can with a hundred pale blue eyes  
Look through the leaves and find my Love?

Perhaps she dreams of life with me,

Her cheek upon her finger-tips:  
O that I could leap forward now,  
Behind her back, and with my lips  
Break through those curls above her nape,  
That hover close and lightly there—  
To prove if they are substance, or  
But shadows of her lovely hair.

W. H. DAVIES

## PLAINTE ÉTERNELLE

The sun sinks down, the tremulous daylight dies.

(Down their long shafts the weary sunbeams glide.)

The white-winged ships drift with the falling tide.

Come back, my love, with pity in your eyes!

The tall white ships drift with the falling tide.

(Far, far away I hear the seamews' cries.)

Come back, my love, with pity in your eyes!

There is no room now in my heart for pride.

Come back, come back! with pity in your eyes.

(The night is dark, the sea is fierce and wide.)

There is no room now in my heart for pride,

Though I become the scorn of all the wise.

I have no place now in my heart for pride.

(The moon and stars have fallen from the skies.)

Though I become the scorn of all the wise,

Thrust, if you will, sharp arrows in my side.

Let me become the scorn of all the wise.

(Out of the East I see the morning ride.)

Thrust, if you will, sharp arrows in my side,

Play with my tears and feed upon my sighs.

Wound me with swords, put arrows in my side.  
(On the white sea the haze of noonday lies.)  
Play with my tears and feed upon my sighs,  
But come, my love, before my heart has died.

Drink my salt tears and feed upon my sighs.  
(Westward the evening goes with one red stride.)  
Come back, my love, before my heart has died,  
Down sinks the sun, the tremulous daylight dies.

Come back, my love, before my heart has died.  
(Out of the South I see the pale moon rise.)  
Down sinks the sun, the tremulous daylight dies,  
The white-winged ships drift with the falling tide.

• LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

NEVER THE HEART OF SPRING HAD  
TREMBLED SO

Never the heart of spring had trembled so  
As on that day when first in Paradise  
We went afoot as novices to know  
For the first time what blue was in the skies,  
What fresher green than any in the grass,  
And how the sap goes beating to the sun,  
And tell how on the clocks of beauty pass  
Minute by minute till the last is done.  
But not the new birds singing in the brake,  
And not the buds of our discovery,  
The deeper blue, the wilder green, the ache  
For beauty that we shadow as we see,  
Made heaven, but we, as love's occasion brings,  
Took these, and made them Paradisal things.

JOHN DRINKWATER

## SONG TO YASMIN

How splendid in the morning glows the lily;  
with what grace he throws  
His supplication to the rose: do roses nod the  
head, Yasmin?  
But when the silver dove descends I find the little  
flower of friends,  
Whose very name that sweetly ends I say when I  
have said, "Yasmin."  
The morning light is clear and cold; I dare not in  
that light behold  
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed,  
Yasmin.  
But when the deep red eye of day is level with the  
lone highway,  
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward  
thy bed, Yasmin.  
Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting  
like a soul aswoon,  
And harping planets talk love's tune with milky  
wings outspread, Yasmin,  
Shower down thy love, O burning bright! for one  
night or the other night  
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered  
flowers are dead, Yasmin!

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

## THE WORD

Of all the beautiful words that have flashed into flower  
From the wonder and passion of man in the dawn of his  
days,

When he wandered in youth through the unknown beckon-  
ing ways

Of a world that for every young heart is created anew  
In sunlight and moonlight and starlight and rainfall and  
dew,

Not one word leapt to my lips in that perilous hour,  
For none there is that may tell of the whole of your praise,  
No word that may breathe the wonder and passion of you.

Though all of the rapture of love that the ages have stirred  
In man's passionate heart and his pride and his glory and  
power

He has breathed into sound, and a triumphing song-sweet  
word

Holds living for ever each fugitive sorrow and mirth  
That has quickened and kindled the hearts of all lovers on  
earth,

No word of man's making might tell of the wondering  
birth

Of my soul as I looked on your sorrowful soul and knew  
The passion and pride and wonder and glory of you.

Oh, were but the voice of my soul as the voice of the bird  
That sings at the end of the night in the scent and the dew  
Of bloom-laden branches and glistening burgeoning sprays,  
Or the voice that was light when chaos and darkness heard  
And brake into blossom of stars as a field into flower,  
The passionate silence about us would quiver to praise,  
And a word should be born of the soul of the perishing  
hour  
To sing for ever in all men's hearts of you!

WILFRID GIBSON





## LOVE, DO YOU LOVE ME?

Love, do you love me? All the winds go by,  
And all the days therewith; and still, and still,  
The lonely tree upon the lonely hill  
Stands dark and changeless in the changing sky:  
Beneath it cry the waves, and the winds cry  
About it, and have never cried their fill;  
They cry for wasted faith and broken will,  
And every wave and every wind is I.

Love, will you love me when the winds forsake  
The hollow day and hollow night, and leave,  
In place of our warm human hearts that grieve,  
Only the lack of all worth grieving for?—  
When there's no faith to waste nor will to break,  
And the waves cry and the winds cry no more.

GERALD GOULD

## MY LOVE

My love is fair, she is better than fair to me;  
She puts me in mind of a wild white seagull flying over  
the sea;  
She puts me in mind of a dim wind going softly in the  
grass—  
Of things remembered, and young things, and things that  
shall come to pass.

Always from a boy, as I walked the evening road  
And saw the curtained windows where the warm light  
glowed,  
I have desired little children, and old songs, and sleep,  
And an ache has come in my throat for the need I had to  
weep.

But now the doors of all kind homes have I passed through  
And found the room of my own heart warm and bright  
with you,  
And found little children there, playing round the fire,  
And found the peace that is dreamier than sleep, and the  
songs beyond desire.

• GERALD GOULD

## SHE WHOM I LOVE WILL SIT APART

She whom I love will sit apart,  
And they whom love makes wise  
May know the beauty in her heart  
By the beauty in her eyes.

Thoughts that in quietness confute  
The noisy world are hers,  
Like music in a listening lute  
Whose strings no finger stirs.

And in her eyes the shadows move,  
Not glad nor sad, but strange  
With those unchanging dreams that prove  
The littleness of change.

GERALD GOULD .

## ARISE, ARISE!

My dove, my beautiful one,  
    Arise, arise!  
    The night-dew lies  
Upon my lips and eyes.

The odorous winds are weaving  
    A music of sighs:  
    Arise, arise,  
My dove, my beautiful one!

I wait by the cedar tree,  
    My sister, my love.  
    White breast of the dove,  
My breast shall be your bed.

The pale dew lies  
    Like a veil on my head.  
    My fair one, my fair dove,  
Arise, arise!

JAMES JOYCE

## SONNET

Weary of play, some summer eve, may chance  
You will come running in from dewless lawns,  
The long day's laughter in your countenance;  
(O laughing eyes, where brighter beauty dawns!)  
And taking up this book, as one might take  
A leaf or flower or blade of grass while speaking,  
Read lightly on, a word or two, and make  
No meaning of them; little meaning seeking.  
There standing, bending head and straying hair,  
As leaf by leaf you idly turn these over,  
"Love, love"—the word will meet you everywhere,  
And you will laugh, remembering your lover;  
And take the book, perhaps, being tired of play,  
To wonder and read till daylight dies away.

. FRANK KENDON

## BEAUTY

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills  
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain:  
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,  
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of  
the sea,  
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails  
of ships;  
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to  
me,  
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red  
curve of her lips.

JOHN MASEFIELD

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## RENOUNCEMENT

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,  
And in the dearest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;  
But it must never, never come in sight;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—  
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

ALICE MEYNELL

## THE DOUBLE FORTRESS

Time, wouldst thou hurt us? Never shall we grow old.

Break as thou wilt these bodies of blind clay,  
Thou canst not touch us here, in our stronghold,  
Where two, made one, laugh all thy powers away.

Though ramparts crumble and rusty gates grow thin,  
And our brave fortress dwine to a hollow shell,  
Thou shalt hear heavenly laughter, far within,  
Where, young as Love, two hidden lovers dwell.

We shall go clambering up our twisted stairs  
To watch the moon through rifts in our grey towers.  
Thou shalt hear whispers, kisses, and sweet prayers  
Creeping through all our creviced walls like flowers.

Wouldst wreck us, Time? When thy dull leaguer brings  
The last wall down, look heavenward. We have wings.

ALFRED NOYES



## ONLY OF THEE AND ME

Only of thee and me the night wind sings,  
Only of us the sailors speak at sea,  
The earth is filled with wondered whisperings  
Only of thee and me.

Only of thee and me the breakers chant,  
Only of us the stir in bush and tree;  
The rain and sunshine tell the eager plant  
Only of thee and me.

Only of thee and me, till all shall fade;  
Only of us the whole world's thoughts can be—  
For we are Love, and God Himself is made  
Only of thee and me.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

## VOICE AND VISION

If I had never known your face at all,  
Had only heard you speak, beyond thick screen  
Of leaves, in an old garden, when the sheen  
Of morning dwelt on dial and ivied wall,  
I think your voice had been enough to call  
Yourself before me, in living vision seen,  
So pregnant with your Essence had it been,  
So charged with You, in each soft rise and fall.

At least I know, that when upon the night  
With chanted word your voice lets loose your soul,  
I am stricken and pierced and cloven with Delight  
That hath all Pain within it, and the whole  
World's tears; all ecstasy of inward sight;  
And the blind cry of all the seas that roll.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

## I DO NOT LOVE TO SEE YOUR BEAUTY FIRE

I do not love to see your beauty fire  
The light of eager love in every eye,  
Nor the unconscious ardor of desire  
Mantle a cheek when you are passing by;  
When in the loud world's giddy thoroughfare  
Your holy loveliness is noised about—  
Lips that my love has prayed to—the gold hair  
Where I have babbled all my secrets out—

O then I would I had you in my arms,  
Desolate, lonely, broken, and forlorn,  
Stripped of your splendor, spoiled of all your  
    charms;  
So that my love might prove her haughty scorn—  
So I might catch you to my heart, and prove  
'Tis not your beauty only that I love!

. JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

## PROTHALAMION

When the evening came my Love said to me:

“Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool;  
The garden of black hellebore and rosemary  
Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool.”

Low we passed in the twilight, for the wavering heat  
Of day had waned; and round that shaded plot  
Of secret beauty the thickets clustered sweet:

“Here is heaven,” our hearts whispered, but our lips  
spake not.

Between that old garden and seas of lazy foam

Gloomy and beautiful alleys of trees arise  
With spire of cypress and dreamy beechen dome,  
So dark that our enchanted sight knew nothing but the  
skies.

Veiled with a soft air, drench'd in the roses' musk

Or the dusky, dark carnation's breath of clove:  
No stars burned in their deeps, but through the dusk  
I saw my Love's eyes, and they were brimmed with love.

No star their secret ravished, no wasting moon

Mocked the sad transience of those eternal hours:  
Only the soft unseeing heaven of June,  
The ghosts of great trees, and the sleeping flowers.

For doves that crooned in the leafy noonday now  
Were silent; the night-jar sought his secret covers,  
Nor even a mild sea-whisper moved a creaking bough—  
Was ever a silence deeper made for lovers?

Was ever a moment meeter made for love?

“Beautiful are your close lips beneath my kiss;  
And all your yielding sweetness beautiful”—

Oh, never in all the world was such a night as this!

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG



## THE WHITE BIRDS

I would that we were, my belovèd, white birds on  
the foam of the sea!

We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can  
fade and flee;

And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung  
low on the rim of the sky,

Has awaked in our hearts, my belovèd, a sadness  
that may not die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-  
dabbled, the lily and rose;

Ah, dream not of them, my belovèd, the flame  
of the meteor that goes,

Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low  
in the fall of the dew:

For I would we were changed to white birds on the  
wandering foam: I and you!

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a  
Danaan shore,

Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow  
come near us no more;

Soon far from the rose and the lily and fret of the  
flames would we be,

Were we only white birds, my belovèd, buoyed out  
on the foam of the sea!

W. B. YEATS





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